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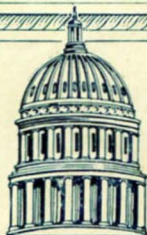
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Janice Clow

Secy. & Treas.

Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg. 1400 Broadway

Issued Monthly on the 22d. inst.

How Ziegfeld "Glorifies the American Girl"

SWEET ANASTASIA RILEY

(An Added Starter)

Come all ye jolly men of "lays,"
Who chase and vamp so slyly,
In lusty throat I sing the fame
Of Anastasia Riley.

Full many a moon her am'rous charms
Bedecked the "Follies" gaily,
Flashed 'fore the Urban set just like
The comet of old Haley.

But, horrors and alackaday,
Came a bald guy called Sammie,
With Leschin as his other name,
As Anastasia's lammie.

A little flat he got for her,
Fair Anastasia Riley,
But Sammie had a storm and sleet
Who shadowed him quite coyly.

What ho! What varlant cometh by,
With blue-prints boldly sprouting,
Kerplunk they go in Sammie's mitt —
All's over but the shouting!

Now Anastasia fair and fine
Vamps a new pet name, damme!
Her Palestinian lover's dubbed:
"My Alimony Sammie"

—The Stage Door Kid



Florence Reed

Who has made "East of Suez," at the Eltinge, radiant with her beauty and histrionic genius. We personally remember all her triumphs, from the days of the stock company at the old Fifth Avenue, when she displayed that flair for dramatic impersonation that reached its heights in "The Yellow Ticket" and "The Mirage."

hole sleuths had written, on information and belief, that Peg's baggage had been held at the Marie Antoinette for a beastly rent bill, and this frightful aspersion on her credit resulted in a set of blue prints for this innocent family guide. However as soon as Peggy learned that we had equipped ourselves comfily with copies of ALL the papers and affidavits in hubby Joyce's suit against her, she decided it was wiser to let the action "die" on the fore-end of the calendar. We only wish we had back the \$500.00 we paid to a detective agency to trace her history from her cradle up to 1920 but of course we may be able to get it back some day by issuing a biographical opus under some such title as, "Houdini Peg, The Tale Of A Leaping Blonde."

?

Is it true that Walter Wolf's stupendous mission to London as Shubert ambassador had for its principal purpose the using of his influence to coerce Eleanor Painter to return to these shores—and could anything be sadder than the sequel thereof?

?

We'll wager you never knew that Clifton Webb, that scintillating Narcissus, is presently playing in London the part of "Fifi"? In this production he characteristically wears a wreath of roses on his alabaster apex, and a small leopard skin on his loins. The strangest thing about this is that Clifton Webb is reported still living as we rush to press.

?

Wasn't that the rottenest thing to do, to break into Poil White's menage and grab sparklers worth (best regards to her P.A.) \$25,000? It occurred at 18 West 49th. street, Poil at the time being out to a Y.W.C.A. revival or some other durn place. Poil is cursed with the "Perils of Poiline."

?

Did you overhear that "lemon-colored" hair is Paris's latest fad? Are they using Noonan's Lemon Cream?

?

Knowing that your keenest interest will be excited we have resolved to reveal to the public that just retined from Paris is Kay Macusland cheerfully escorting eight trunks of gowns. And an equal quantum of hats and other feminine finery, straight from the shop of Caroline Reboux. Any day, now, Kay may be seen driving in her special-order Cadillac down the Avnoo—oh, between two and four, deah old chap—the envy of all spectators. Kay, as you must know, has been connected with leading Shubert productions for the last three years—most recenty "The Rose of Stamboul."

?

It being that our adamantine protagonist of light summer wear for all occasions, and distinguished product of our soil, Isadora Duncan can't speak French any more than a Scottish Highlander, doesn't it ball up the works like the devil that her new matrimonial acquisition, Serge Asinin, can't speak English any more than the King of Booloo. Serge, who powders his hair with a yellow concoction, and accouters himself in flowing magenta ties, wearing a long smock, is said to have delivered a recitation in Russian aboard the S. S. Paris that was cut short by the mob-like rush of his hearers to the ship's bar.

?

What became of that rumored new hubby of vodeville's great and popular star, Sophie Tucker? Guess this was just a sample of Cockney humor on Sophie's part. She assured us one time she was through with providing for husbands.

?

Now that Ada Mae Weeks' show, "The O'Brien Girl" has turned up its tootsies to the daisies, everyone is waiting in breathless apprehension to hear whether Ada will open a millinery or manicure parlor, or will still insist on making the baldheaded row turn balder.

DOLLY TWINS—AHOY!

While it could prove of only the faintest importance to the general civitas it is still the duty of this beveled glass mirror of Bunk Boulevard to record that the amphibious Dolly Sisters are "back again." This brace of stormy petrels resemble Pearl White in one way—you've got to be a ship news reporter to keep track of whether they're in Paris, on the Ocean or in the Montmartre. Anyway the two sweet pansies are here at this writing—early in October—in fact we've just laid down **Town Topics** after reading an account of their alleged high-jinks with a bored John on the **Majestic**, who ditched his lady fren' of fifteen long years (coming back with him) as a result of the blazing infectiousness (Compo, for God's sake get that word right) of the Unheavenly Twins. In fact, the gent's lady fren' became so alcoholically perturbed over his getting messed up with the gels that she proceeded to disrobe in her stateroom, which being accomplished she began to screech like a "Follies" girl invited to Drake's. Bringing the steward pell mell to her quarters, she exposed to that aquatic servitor probably as much as her sweetie had ever been privileged to behold, whereupon the poor steward, mayhap with wife and bairns at Blackpool, covered his face with his horny hands and moaned piteously. "I want my friend to see me and gaze upon the ruin he has wrought," howled the ditched one. "I've been faithful and true to him for 18 years and now he has deserted me for these dancers." Thusly, she packed up her gentleman pal's clothes and threw them out the port-hole. But worser'n that, she has promised to publicise gent pal's infidelity in Washington, to his presumable undoing. Nothing is in the record as to the whereabouts of the Fatima Sisters during these critical passages—maybe they were sampling some of the ship's 1898 Pommery with the truant Romeo.

Wherever the pullets are thickest, there you'll find the Dollys and that goes far way back to the times they sat in Bustanoby's at Broadway and 60th. years ago with "Diamond Jim" draped between them. It is said that this Tiffany perambulator left them bunches of diamonds and dough, so appreciative was he of their obliging and courteous ways towards an old man. After D. J. went to push up the buttercups, one of the Dollys married Gene Schwartz and the other, Harry Fox. That didn't take good; a divorce was granted in both cases. Since the severance of the connubial anklets these two stormy petrels have spent most of their time in London, though we hear no one there ever was sure which was Yancsi and which was Rozika. Really, it was a matter of trifling moment. Can you think of a life more useless and foolish than that lived by these two unimportant wrens—gay while the wrinkles can be hid, but after that, undodgably futile, deserted and, beyond all human speech, pathetic.

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Takin' a Minute Off With the Free Verse Idiots

SAILS.

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH
(A Cubist Poem Copied from The Dial)

The river, with its sails, is a strip of blue silk
On which moths have alighted
And cling tilting.

We can write that stuff, too, and we'll bet just as good as Lizzie. Here we jump:

The Newark River, with its pollywogs, is a stretch of green grease,
On which water-bugs have alighted,
Looking for Don Marquis.

Where's the Fool Killer, anyway? We've wired this bird prepaid a dozen times to "come quick."

But that aint all. From Bob Edwards' "Ukelele Uke" printed every month in the Village without visible reason, it is ours to cull another Futuristic bit of coral. Let's dive:

REMEMBRANCE

By Florence Keady

White petals star the withered grass
And yet—
There is a fragrance in the dead heart
Of a flower.

"Is this Dumb-Bell, 41144? Is the Fool-Killer there? . . . No."

All right, let's get in the contest with Florrie before we both get murdered:

Peanut shells speck the Park's domain

And yet—

There comes a perfume of dead things depart

Ye gods! It's BOOZE!

We hereby challenge Lizzie Coatsworth, Florrie Keady, *et al*, to a *vers libre* contest, hair-pulling out and until we're all in, to be held in either the Orchid Ox or the Spotted Tamale, \$100.00 to be paid the poet still alive three days succeeding the return of the Fool Killer from his present engagements with Sherwood Anderson, Horace Brodzky, Carl Sandberg, Paul Rosenthal and Old Doc Crane. The consolation prize to be a hand-knitted gas stove.

LITTLE TALES OF BROADWAY.

Stell was the life of the all-night place near 47 where she doubled on chorus and songs. No laughter ever rang louder than came from her table. Regular visitors sought out Stell, ignoring the fat contralto, bow-legged Min who did the "saxe" and Bronx Beulah who had "Kiss Me Again" reserved twice a night and who tried to crash in wherever an eye happened to lift her way. This night the place is jammed. A bunch of visiting Elks have just come in, and the boss sends Stell to their table. Stell was gayer than ever, kidding right and left and making it a real welcome party. About two a.m. she leaned over to whisper to one of the girls at the next table. "Whattaya t'ink, kid," said Stell, "that old doctor has ordered me to Saranac tomorrow for good! How d'ya t'ink the boss'll ever handle these parties when I'm gone?"



"THE HOWARD BROTHERS"

Presenting Eugene and Willie Howard, stars of "Passing Show of 1922" at Winter Garden. They were also stellar ornaments of the 1921 "Passing Show" in the same theatre. Pre-eminent artists and "regular fellows" their unique gifts of comedy and song give greater and greater delight as time goes by.

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Week Beginning Sunday, September 3, 1922.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

The Olympic Orchestra, under the direction of Ed J. Carr.

1. "Pinkie"—"The Flapper Song"..... W. Caesar
2. "Lovable Eyes"—From Capote's new show, "Make It Snappy"..... J. Schwartz
3. Exit—"California"..... C. Friend

Plan: Furnished by Geo. P. Gross.

Records of all the latest song hits sang at the Olympic, music rolls of all the popular and classic selections on sale at Geo. P. Gross', 1324 Main street.

ED. E. DALEY'S

Broadway Brevities

Original New York Winter Garden Production With

LENA DALEY

An entertainment with Music, Comedy and Dancing, in Two Acts and Fifteen Scenes.

Book by Billy K. Wells. Lyrics and Music by A. W. Brown. Musical numbers staged by Da. Daley. Directed under the personal supervision of Ed. E. Daley.

Adapted from

Above reproduction of part of program slip denotes the ever-increasing fame of BROADWAY BREVITIES. Edward E. Daley's star show of the Columbia Circuit, under our name, is now touring the principal cities of the country, preparatory to descending upon the Columbia Theatre, N. Y. the first week of the New Year.

Eddie has equipped his production with a full curtain painting of BROADWAY BREVITIES' cover, carries a stage news stand packed with the world's smartest gossip sheet and has keyed many of the scenes accordingly.

This publication's title was first used by the LeMaire Brothers (George and Rufus) to top their production at the Winter Garden about two years ago, where it ran for several months. BROADWAY BREVITIES has also been featured in scenes in the Ziegfeld "Frolic", on the Century Roof, more recently in Delyle Alda's vode act, and was part of the "plot" of a famous Connie Talmadge photoplay.

* * *

Correspondent post-carding from the *Commodore* wants us to ask pleasantly who was the "fair one" that some one called Hi Bloom danced with at Woodmansten a few days ago? And where has "Hi" been for quite a while? (We're always glad to be of help in these mysteries).

Gene Geiger and Billy Kent were seen walking alone on Broadway each carrying a walking stick. There must be a reason for putting on the dog. It has been rumored that they're going to visit Hollywood for new inspirations. Hosts may come and hosts may go but Billy and Gene remain the great *bon-vivants*.

* * *

Is it true that a well known millionaire is after Helen Meighan? A girl like Helen is easily worth a million.

* * *

Looks as though England alone knew how to talk turkey to Turkey!

* * *

Say, aren't you all "broke up", fellow wets, over the troubles of old Coca-Cola Candler, of Atlanta? This is the dub that kicked in \$5,000,000 to the Prohibition fund.

* * *

Never forget, in your shopping tours, Appleton Pharmacy, Inc. at both 696 8th. avenue and 45th. street and 8th. avenue. Unexcelled lines of make-up, at cut prices.

* * *

And don't forget to turn an eye on the Aldine Restaurant, 228 West 52, for you can be assured of liberal portions of perfectly prepared food. No music or dancing—the proprietors prefer to put it all in the menu.

* * *

Met old pal, Duke Rogers, just back from Canada. Duke prophesies that the next census of Montreal will reveal a population of 6 millions, of which four millions will be damn damp New Yorkers. Three cheers for Montreal!!!

* * *

Worse things *could* happen, but all we wanted to say was that Grace LaRue is going to try out her voice this season at the Music Box.

* * *

Wasn't John Paul Jones (recently sentenced for possessing morphine and inducing girls to contract the drug habit) one of the principals in the "Midnight Frolic" about two years ago? And if so, is this another instance of Flo Ziegfeld's ambidextrous agility in "glorifying the American man?"



CLEANING
the
CLEANER
!

Is Bartlett Joshua Palmer the Shylock of Chiropractic?

By STEPHEN G. CLOW

Article III

STILL drunk with power, still pregnant with the camouflaged cunning that holds in slaveship a large part of the Chiropractic field, it does not take a telescope or a microscope to detect that the Bearded Bartlett is conscious his throne has begun to crumble under him. There are signs, infinitely larger than a man's hand, of his realization he has carried a bit too far his policy of rule or ruin. The handwriting is on the walls of his Davenport temples. When he launched at Sauchelli the villainous attack of which his puppet Roy Griffith was scrivener, instead of committing murder he committed suicide. When, at his command, the same Griffith, launched a scurrilous attack on the character of the writer of these articles, an autopsy was in order. And this figurative demise of the Simon Legree of the Chiropractic profession is, or soon will be, a substantial fact..... Proof that the nightmare of dethronement assails him?—You have but to scan weekly the columns of his "Foolish House News!" Dread and disorder are written between every line. The tyrant doth protest too much. Why should this spotless monarch call to his aid weekly pagefuls of letters testifying to his high repute? He has even been obliged to abjectly apologise for calling the Italian practitioners "wops." In a letter

now in possession of a New York journalist Bartlett writes in his own hand:

"The WOPS and the KIKES are making the profession rotten"

He has, therefore, yet to apologise to the "kikes." But there are numberless other apologies to be made by him, of which he will learn in due season. And he may not make them with his tongue in his cheek. One of his most colossal explanations will be as to his alliance with that futile soul, Roy Griffith. He must know that a man is judged by the company he keeps. He will accordingly be obliged to enlighten the Chiropractic field, and more especially the Palmer fans, as to his reasons for entrusting his intimacy, the sanctity of his family circle and the innermost secrets of his U.C.A. to a paid informer, liar and hotel-beat. Maybe it will take nothing short of an earthquake to place Palmer in his true colors before his worshippers. If that be so, then it looks as though an earthquake is on the way.

Although we have ready in type for this issue an article on the Palmer School and certain private conditions thereat, we have decided to devote our November article to a few chatty, personal items. The air is getting thicker with doom each minute for the new firm of Palmer & Griffith, and it is right that the profession should be regaled with a few clippings of what may be called "inside stuff." The Gold-Dust Twins, P & G always fight with personalities—always meet argument with scurrility. Then why not a dose of their own medicine?

Let's first take a look at Red Top Roy. We call him Red Top Roy because that famous pre-Volstead brand seems to be Roy's constant companion—in joy and in gloom. From a six-page affidavit in our possession, covering interviews with "Red Top" last summer, there was always a stout bottle on the table, and Roy's good song ringing clear. And not alone did Roy's hyco-glossus muscle function. From all accounts there were choruses in which pretty ladies joined. Of these pretty ladies of his early morning hours it was Roy's passion to take nude photographs. A generous guess might be that Roy wished these pictures for spinal data. But that can't be so, as all the nude pictures we've seen of the pretty ladies reveal them facing frontwards.

Old Doc Bartlett will surely be pleased to learn that Red Top Roy, though on photographic pleasure bent, did not neglect to inject advertising propaganda in these pictures of the pretty ladies. One photo we have seen reveals a hefty Amazon, as bare of clothes as a Prohibitionist of gastric juice, propped in a comfy arm-chair holding prominently in her hands a copy of the CHIROPRACTIC EDUCATOR. Another pose finds cutie balancing a copy of the NATIONAL on her dimpled knees. One of these publications is Bartlett's, and Bartlett, if he has an ounce of gratitude in him—which we sorrowfully doubt—must in duty bound give it all to Red Top Roy who

even, in the orgasms of his midnight celebrations, still thought of his lord and master—still showed that acute advertising sense that is part of his curious symptomatology.

Funnily enough, the Howling Dervish himself, is not unfamiliar with Red Top Roy's domicile. On the occasion of his last visit here, we find from affidavits, that Palmer visited Roy's apartment. Roy then was living—or rather "guesting"—at the Pasadena Apartments, 10 West 61. The night that Bartlett called (still following the sworn statement) Roy appears to have once more gathered about him some pretty ladies. For Roy confided that "the girls patted Palmer's hair and kidded the old man silly."

Funnier still, the Pasadena Apartments have a sinister significance for Red Top Roy. For at this well-known hotel he suffered one of the most violent attacks of amnesia in his career. He went away and FORGOT TO PAY HIS BILL! This tragic leakage of memory occurred in the late summer, since which time the proprietor has been jealousy guarding the effects left there by Roy vs. an unpaid rent bill of \$89.00. Mrs. J. Miller also wants to see Roy about \$40 due her; Durand's Hotel about a shortage of \$43.

That Roy's pernicious amnesia had other and even sadder seizures is a provable assertion. Within the last year, on one occasion, he selected the Hotel Woodstock as a nice, comfortable place to stretch himself in. But listen to this—at the Woodstock his chronic amnesia suffered a serious exacerbation. He is said to have even FORGOTTEN HIS OWN NAME when he registered! And worsen that, he brought there with him a typewriting machine—we almost wrote a typist!—on which was glued an unpaid balance of \$50.00 and then some, the property of the American Writing Machine Co. As we go to press the Woodstock is holding this machine against an unpaid rent bill of \$65.00. For Red Top Roy sneaked out one day and never, never came back.

Although Red Top writes as enthusiastically about the science of Chiropractic as he does his criminal attacks upon character, there are grave doubts of his SINCERITY in the first case. Red Top once told the writer that he thought it was "just a lot of bunk." He is reported to have told others in the summer that "you can learn Chiropractic in thirty minutes if you want to." No doubt, this news will greatly hearten and infatuate his master, the good Bartlett, although we have heard that even Bartlett himself has made some curious private expressions about this noble healing method.

Red Top Roy once boasted to Dr. Sauchelli that he had been fired off three newspapers for being drunk. Whether this was true, or a mere sample of braggadocio, we don't know. We do know that one or two firms in Chicago, given by him as references in an article in the CLINICAL JOURNAL, denied he ever had been in their

employ. We also know that we got many a pressing invitation to visit (with our absolutely "dry" wife) Red Top's apartment at the Pasadena, where he said he had a "bunch of Scotch." Fortunately this invitation was never utilised.

Of course it would fill a dictionary to print all the PERSONALIA we have on file re Red Top Roy. The above are just little atoms of the great mass. Red Top was careless enough to write, and Bartlett was foolish enough to publish an article attempting to defame both the writer and Dr. Francesco Sauchelli. Dr. Sauchelli replied with a suit for libel of \$100,000, and from inside sources we hear that Palmer is worried crazy about the possible eventualities of the action. As regards our humble selves, we believe that the FEW details above furnished regarding the contemptible puppet whom Bartlett Joshua Palmer has taken on as intimate pal, U.C.A. housecleaning auxiliary and repository of his innermost secrets and confidences, will reveal how much credence should be given to the attacks of a professional hireling, liar and hotel-beat. Poor Palmer! He can be kidded by anyone. And one of these autumnal days the greatest kidding of his life will be administered, if we mistake not, by Red Top Roy. Palmer's throne is crumbling beneath him—and the little red ant he has taken to his bosom may be one of the potent factors of his fall. Red Top sold out Sauchelli. Will he chloroform Palmer?

Annabelle On the Sandy Tees

God has sent the sweet damsel Anne Luther back to us just at the moment when we thought she had been swallowed up in oblivion eternal. Our illustrious camerado, Anne, rented a formidable chateau in the terrain adjacent to the exclusive Great Neck Country Club, with every apparent intent of using her mashie, driver, *et al*, on the sandy tees in which this *hautmondaine* resort is embowered. Instead, to the great surprise of Queen Anne, and the constituency of this alcoholic but exclusive coterie, Anne's genuflexious and alluring chin connected with the radia and ulna bone of a prominent T.B. man. Transcribing this into the parlance of the pave, Queen Anne's JAW made conjunction with the catapult-like knuckles of a self-made member of the colony in high esteem, with the direct and proximate result of incumbering Anne's torso upon the emerald green with a dull and sickening thud. . . . As this is not by any means the end of our fitful story, of course the climax will be revealed in our next.

* * *

Isn't this the last straw to see what was once an unequalled comic ridiculing his talents with a Shakesperian role? We refer to David Warfield and once more we insist that there are in the Bronx 85,000 other Hebrew gentlemen of his size and style who could have played that bunch of easy, slushy emotion called "the Music Master" as well as he. David Warfield's gift and art in tragic roles are about as subtle as a baby's when it loses its rattle. Yet thousands are now ready to fall for this sickening further assault of gingerbread heroics and emotion.



JOE GIBSON

and his "Moulin Rouge Orchestra" are now truly the Talk of Old Broadway. They are presented in a beautiful setting by Paul Whiteman, Inc.

How'd You Like To Be A' Loving Guru?



Two erstwhile modest and unknown producers have lately achieved success and quite by chance we hear, have become so callous that they have chosen to ignore the delightful youth who was the cause of their success—paging Eddie Buzzell.

?
Where, oh where, has the brightest light of Broadway disappeared to, dear Dolly Lewis?

?
No, Friedlander's trip to Florida couldn't have been without clouds, when you think of all the hungry mouths he left behind.

?
Quite dazed came the tattler home after premiere of *G. V. Follies*, by the slimmess of the renowned Savoy—his gowns, which have been done by Clarke are genuine revelations.

?
Lillian Walker's back again—what a loss for the screen????—and will pulverise us in "*Sweet Petunia*" originally designed for S & B.

?
It would rather seem that Morris Gest's newest Parisian fancy is to be admired.

?
Yes, indeedy, Margie Rambeau seems to have taken a whole carload of gossip with her to Chicago, which is being brought back piece by piece. What a story if it could be collected!

?
By the efforts of the beauteous Irene Castle to make connections with the several agents about town, it would appear she is rather out of luck lately.

?
Why doesn't Gladys Feldman show some enterprise, now that she is back to the foats, and have her p.a. use some copy on that Marquise de Castellane episode?

?
Jack Vincent, the popular Broadway idol, is back after a hurried trip to London to watch the working of the Embassy Club there, and is with Miss Cynthia Perot, forming the Embassy Club in N.Y. It will function on Sunday nights at the Tent, and will be quite the smartest of the night places in town. Jack and Cynthia will appear on Sunday nights.

?
Is it true that since Poli Negri arrived here she has acquired a vocabulary of 207 English words? If so, she's safe for that's plenty to say, "Yes, I'll have another" or "Don't get so damn fresh on short acquaintance."

?
Blanche Bates, despite the fact that the years are rolling by, continues to hold her place among the younger people in town, and the tales of the parties at her house in the Thirties would prick up your ears, my dear.

?
Daw, daw, daw, daw, daw de dah daw—Elsie Janis Bierbauer and mum Bierbauer packed up their various belongings and are ready for new conquests in Europe. We hope this time the mother will learn the language.

How Much More Would We Enjoy S. Jay Kaufman's

"Round the Town" in the **Globe** were he to omit his frequent mentions of nobodies! Jay's is a noble ambition in "discovering" and fostering unrecognized genius, but not in one case in a thousand are such little journeys amongst the bewhiskered and the bizarre worth the effort expended. Eccentricity, of itself, flares up for a brief moment and expires, and gifted scene-shifters and seraphic rhymesters are sucked back into the limbo whence they came. To instance but a few: Ben de Casseres, Rhetorical claptrapist and ludicrous **vers librist**; Horace Brodzky—who in God's great name is this? Dave Burton, stage-hand; Lizzie Towne, metaphysical mountebank of commercialised bunk. Jay's flair for the best things in art and life is so marvelous it is a pity he occasionally turns a blind eye on such desecrators of the temple of beauty.

Amenities of the World's Rottenest
Phone Service.

GIRL AT "CIRCLE" CENTRAL
(to subscriber) "What was that last crack?"

What is going on behind
the curtained windows
of Fifth Avenue? Arthur
Train tells in his inside
story of New York So-
ciety "His Children's
Children," in

NOVEMBER

Cosmopolitan

at newsstands

Is it true that Virginia O'Sullivan is sweet on a certain newspaper cartoonist?

Whaddaya know from this?—Elinor Davis back, looking Broadway over again! Often have we wondered where the deuce Elinor could be hiding, and now the momentous news comes out that she's been painting Chicago a nice, bright red.

Who was the gal that Grant C—met at Billy Kent's one night, and what is the reason for his not having been up there since?

Is't true the love ship of Frankie Heath and that reglar feller, Leo Fitzgerald, has already hit on the reefs? Most sincerely do we hope the report isn't true.

Why in the name of Bill Anderson can't anyone make a date with Bunny Dunlap? Is it because she is a one-man girl?

Wouldn't "The Three Virgins" be an apt title for a play featuring Poppy M—and the McGushion Sisters?

Who is it, in the "upper Seventies," who is said to stage the most elaborate parties on Broadway, where many pop stars are steady visitors?

Say, Ralph Farnum must have been some shocked when he heard of the philanderings of little, red-headed Jean Hart—and right in his own house, too? Nevah mind, Ralphie, we're all fooled some time or other by a baby stare.

While credulity must mount to its zenith at the rumor, we are here to promulgate that Johnny Hines, movie marvel, can be seen going to church with his mumma every Sunday morning. (Johnny certainly must be an economiser of sleep).

Merke Institute, 512 5th Avenue. Tells How to Avoid Baldness



Have You a Little Wolf in Your Home?

If you haven't, your attention is drawn to the possibilities of this charming animal as a fireside pet. Picture shows the wolf-pen of Dr. E. H. McCleery, of Kane, Pa., (one of the most prominent physicians in western Pennsylvania), whose hobby it has been for several years to study the peculiarities of these wild creatures. Dr. McCleery's pets are known as timber wolves, and the Dr. tells us they attack only when one's back is turned. It will be, of course, useless for you to try to identify in the pack the Wolf of Wall Street.

THE COUE HOKUM!—LIZZIE TOWNE PUTS IN HER TWO CENTS

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* fitly hints, in an editorial on the Coue ("Every day in Every Way etc.") bunk, that the matter calls for a pocket handkerchief either to laugh or cry in. Yet thousands of idiots in America are falling for it as a hungry trout does for a worm. Coue is getting rich, and American publishing houses with no shame are printing his dangerous and criminal nonsense. Old Lizzie Towne's admirers (Liz publishes the *Nautilus*, a "New Thought" magazine) are loudly yawping that Liz has the priority over Coue in this amazing concoction of tomfoolery. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* facetiously queries as to the efficacy of this "Every Day" formula in **endocarditis, cancer, pyorrhea, malaria and tuberculosis**. Think of it! Many years ago the *New York Times* said that every Christian Scientist ought to be in either a jail or an asylum. Coue, Lizzie Towne and the Mary Baker Eddy dupes ought to have the two quotations above called forcibly to their attention. Yet even the gods are powerless against human ignorance, superstition and credulity.

Elsie Bobs Out Of Oblivion !

Honest, we'd completely forgotten Elsie Lawson's existence—we mean the present Mrs. Rudolf Friml's existence—until we read in the *News* that Elsie had haled her maid to the Washington Heights Court on a charge of stealing a \$5,000 ring. Those who saw Elsie about four years ago in Mons. Friml's "Tumble Inn," as well as in that show in which Eleanor Painter starred (darned if we can recall the name) will instantly recall her girlish Virginian charm. They may also recall that Elsie was the *corpus delicti* in the turbulent domestic waters that rolled and roared over Mons. Friml as a result of his adoring attentions to Elsie at that period. For there was already existent a Mrs. Friml, a very excellent lady, now to be quoted as Exhibit 1, for she later divorced the predatory composer, with Elsie diligently named as the vamp. Indeed, the whole affair is memorable to us in connection with one of the biggest "scoops" ever made in its long series of such, by BROADWAY BREVITIES. Leaning against the old Astor bar one afternoon about four, with a *pousse cafe* carefully poised in one digit, a friend of ours sidled up with the thrilling tale that that very day the good Friml and Elsie Lawson had been intercepted on a N.Y.-bound Philly train by wifie's sleuths. The following noon we were to go to press, and rushing madly for a Yellow rattle we shot to the printer's and jammed in a blood-curdling story of the raid. Two days later our office was besieged by gentlemen of the press asking for full details. So you see we owe a bit of a debt to Elsie and Rudolph for some red-hot copy, and it is only right that, on this occasion of Elsie's bobbing forth for a brief instant from oblivion, we should voice our regards It might prove interesting to note that "Tumble Inn," (Rudolf's musical opus) is said to have been fondly named after the well-known roadhouse where the lovers spent so many romantic hours, gazing at each other and the Hudson.



FROM THE HUNDREDS OF NEW MODELS offered by the most distinguished couturiers of Paris—Callot, Worth, Lanvin and others—Baron de Meyer has chosen just those creations which he considered of greatest interest to the American woman. Eleven of these, photographed by Baron de Meyer, appear in the November Harper's Bazar.

Paquin's modified "bustle," Lanvin's patch-pockets, Lucile's shirt dresses—all the new fashion ideas from Paris are in the November Bazar.

The recent importations of the smartest shops of Fifth Avenue are also shown. By all means study the November Harper's Bazar for fashion guidance.

Harper's Bazar



From Doughnuts to Diamonds—

From Crackers to Caviare

(At least 50 per cent of our present screen satellites got their first training and opportunity at the old Vitagraph Studios in Brooklyn. Here are scattered notes on the alumni of that celebrated movie incubating plant.)

REX INGRAM, then known as Rex Hitchcock, worked as a five dollar a week actor in the yard. Used to make loving glances at Anita S. But was shoed away by her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, Anita later marrying Ruddy Cameron. As for Ingram—just have a look at his direction-masterpiece at the Astor Theatre! And he's only thirty.

How hard Jimmy Young used to labor in pressing his suit on Clara Kimball Young. Clara wasn't enthused once, and Clara has long since functioned alone, and had (ahem!) a fairly good time of it.

Proof that a good press agent, even if one's own mumma, can pull the trick, was illustrated in the case of fair Mary Anderson. For **le mere** surely landed her where she is. And spared no one in doing it.

The amazing fact is on record that Maurice Costello used to cry like a baby every time he took a drink

Ah, those simple, cashless old days! What a sight to see Anita Stewart, Clara Kimball and Norma Talmadge gathered about a table at the little bakery shop hard by the studio. All happy as clams.

Constance Talmadge made her screen debut in "Intolerance," **selected because she was a gawky kid**, and not for any artistic capacities. But we like her, for one of her greatest successes was a picture in which **BROADWAY BREVITIES** was features—unbeknownst to us, curiously enough.

Tony Moreno (the Valentino of his day) was said to be a protege of Mrs. John Stuart Blackton, to whose interest he owes his start.

Incidentally, what has become of that momentous personality, big director of the far-off times—Charlie Gaskell?

E. F. Stratton, one of the Vitagraph directors and an old pupil, still around and doing well in another line, is the first (and we think only) American to make pictures in Germany.

Julia Swayner Gordon still in the ring and looking ten years younger.

Electrically Generated Rays for Hair, Merke Institute, 512 5th Avenue



FRENCH AND COYNE

Revealing Henri French and Helene Coyne, who cheer up the Fatigued Financier and Weary Business Man each night in "The Gingham Girl" at the Earl Carroll. Their brilliant dancing is one of the highest spots of the show.

EXTRY!

Brevities Proves that the Rubber-Tired Business Man Uses Only 171 Words Per Day!

(From LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE in New York **Globe**)

Editor Globe: I would like some of your readers to decide the following question: A says that an average person uses from 300 to 400 words in daily life. B says he uses from 1400 to 1500 words daily. Which is right?

M. W. JACOBS

Jacobs, darling, both A and B are crazy with Prohibition. To illustrate this disproof let us get down to satisfying facts by quoting the exact words and number of them used daily by, say, an average N. Y. business man:

On arising: "Why the hell isn't breakfast ready, Mary?"

On lift: "Well, Sam, they turned on the heat at last."

To Taxi Driver: "My God the clock just jumped ten cents again as I'm getting out!"

To Steno: "Hello cutie—any calls?"

To Steno: "Haven't you forgotten my little kiss this morning?"

To Steno: "Can you fix it all right at home for us to see "Partners" Thursday night?"

To Steno: "Look what I brought for my own little sugar-plum"

To Steno: "Did you go to Thimble's to look at that hat?"

To Steno: "Which'd you like today, honey-jar, Sherry's or the Plaza?"

To Steno: "If the wife calls, say I'm in conference."

To Broker: "I'd prefer the Preferred."

To Postman: "I hope there's money in that."

To Steno: "Just one ittsy-bittsy good-night kissie-poppy'll see oo morry"

To Taxi-Driver: "My God, jumped ten cents again right at the door!"

To Lift Man: "It's not the heat, it's the stupidity, in this house."

To Wife: "Whyinell's dinner late?"

To Himself: "Won't it be great to see cutie again in the mornin'?"

171 WORDS ——— PAJAMAS

Nat Nazarro

NOW WITH

FROLICS of 1922

LAST SEASON IN VAUDEVILLE

NEXT SEASON (His own show)

BUCK & BUBBLES

the Successors to

WILLIAMS & WALKER

Ancient Hokum!

We always have averred that the hoke and strategem employed by the two ravishing wrens (for the present anonymous) who form the nucleus of this revelation, expired with the exodus of Peso's Cough Syrup and Col-foot's Rock Candy. But as we live, right in this merry November number, we must disclose that the aforementioned brace of herring who attest to their residence at the Chatsworth at 72d. street right where Riverside Drive begins—immemorably regarded as the second best starter to the Princeton Hotel—do perform as follows: The orthodox Ethiopian employed as lift expert in this momentous hostelry, by oral contract, duly attested in the presence of the two herring aforesaid—At a signal agreed, invariably following the arrival of a bonvivant, (vulgarly known as a John) to their domicile presents forthwith a mysterious-appearing package carrying a price tag that would often cause John D. Rockefeller to call up his bank and ask what his balance was. Followed by the trite and peremptory addenda as follows: "Oh, dearie, look at this, and do you know I haven't a single penny in the house?" At this moment the visiting Romeo feels like a Greek general invited to tea by Mustapha Kemal—but dig he must and dig he does. The **amor propre** must be observed. The heart-sickening element of this tragedy is that we are unaware of the exact percentage shared by the charcoal lift propeller, but when the divvy is made no doubt both principals are satisfied. We only wonder how many of the sporting readers of this Presbyterian monthly have kicked in for the support of these two deserving Chatsworth wrens. Allah!

* * *

A new adjunct to our Broadway pantaloons is magician Keating, an apparently finished exponent of the new touch system in voice culture. Many admiring pupils testify to the psycho-therapeutic endowments and entitlements of this gifted lad, who removes the ace while blindfolded from a pack of cards composed of fifty-two aces of diamonds. His pronouncement invariably is—"Step in, lady, and we'll try your voice by the new process of



FRANK VAN HOVEN

I keep getting everything mixed up. I plan on a lot of things, and a lot of things I do not plan on get in their way. I think I'll leave everything to my agent. If I tried hard I could be a great big star. . . . EDDIE KELLER, my agent, thinks I'm good.

psychical research." It is anticipated that Signor Keating will have to his credit more ectoplasmic manifestations than a bagful of cub reporters.

Jack Mills Releases "Stop Your Kiddin"

Jack Mills, Inc., anxious to keep pace with the demand of prominent orchestras everywhere for this type of music, has just released "Stop Your Kiddin" a fox trot calculated to burn up instruments. With a dire coal shortage in sight, musicians everywhere see heat enough for everybody in this tune.

Edeson Radio Phones
Adjustable Diaphragm Clearance

We guarantee satisfaction, or your money refunded. The adjustment feature places our phones on a par with the world's greatest makes. Our sales plan eliminates dealer's profits and losses from bad accounts, hence the low price. Better phones cannot be made. Immediate deliveries. Double 3000 Ohm sets, \$3.98; 1500 Ohm single set, \$2.50. Circular free.

Edeson Phone Co. 6 Beach St. Dept 4 Boston Mass.



Irvin Cobb's wife, his daughter, his closest man friend, and a famous editor say the most powerful short story Mr. Cobb ever wrote is "Snake Doctor" in

NOVEMBER

Cosmopolitan

at newsstands

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

It was the poet, Pope, we believe, who set in deathless rhyme the amorous incompatibility of May and December. Probably it is because Pope is the poet principally of the "intellectual" class that his utterances are not studied more carefully by very old gentleman in the universe proposing to take unto themselves helpmeet of broiler age. We certainly suspect that old Johnny Cromwell, of Larchmont, was totally ignorant of the dynamite resident in such conjunctions when he united with a certain doll named Rose Barker. The adhesive tape was put on in the year, 1917, at the Church of the Transfiguration. Johnny at that hour tipped the scales at 60 and Rose at 27. In other words Johnny was just $2\frac{1}{4}$ times Rose's age. What a fine, fat chance for Johnny! But at altar time, Johnny was fairly sound of wind and limb, clear of, no doubt, a trifling lack of lubricant in his knees or a few slight impingements in the cervical vertebrae. And to show you how the

old boy hung on, it is only six months since they separated! When they did separate, however, it came with a bang. Johnny names only ten "dates"—whether this has a singular or plural significance the papers do not reveal. One unlucky gink, however, got his name flashed in the co-re spot. That is Harry Cohn, not by any means a striking or unusual name, and as God is our judge Harry could be to us anybody from Canarsie to Longwood avenue. Harry was in pretty soft, if the allegations are true, for Harry was "entertained" by Mrs. Cromwell very frequently in her cottage at Asbury Park. Misconduct is charged also at Larchmont, at the Cromwell home, and—how's this as a reminder, boys?—on the Twentieth Century Limited . . . Youth will be served.

* * *

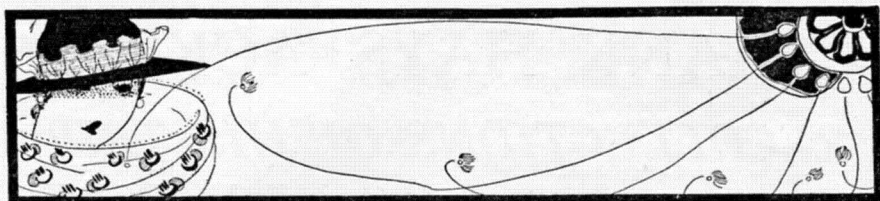
There's been a lot in the papers about "Mrs. Adele Millar" of Brooklyn and her suit for divorce against hubby Herbert G. Millar. Adele is a beauty expert, and with hubby is said to have had a cold-cream foundry on West 57, N.Y. Hubby is said to have been found by detective Martin with a doll in a house on West 96th. street, this burg.

With Apologies to the Bored.

Are we ever to get rid of reading the tommyrot about Geneva Mitchell's marriage? Just as we thought we were through for good the durn nonsense comes up in the Supreme Court, where an annulment of Geneva's "marriage" to someone called Robert Savage, is sought. Annulment was asked by old mumma Verna, on the grounds that Gen entered wedlock under age and without parental consent, and that the license was improperly procured. It was while Geneva was bumping around on a pogo stick, looking very foolish, on the Ziegfeld roof, that Savage became enamored, and a tempestuous courtship followed. As Geneva is a girl admittedly totally unacquainted with the ways of the world and totally unfamiliar with cave-man tactics, (as all who know her can attest) it is easily understood how Savage preyed upon her impressionable nature, with the mournful results so often in the headlines.

HANK HAYSTACK'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS TRIP TO NEW YORK





The Two Bald-Heads and the Icy Lady

IN ONE SCENE, (*With Many "Scenes"*)

TIME: *Any old time.*

PLACE: *The feed-bag dept. of the Algonquin Hotel.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MARC CONNOLLY—Noted collaborator on many stage hits with Mons. George S. Kaufman, winner of the Summer Derby.

BILLY MURRAY—Formidable musical critic on a sheet in a far off country, to wit a Brooklyn newspaper.

ICY LADY MARGALO GILMORE—*Of the local foots, unimportant, whose parents are supposed to have picked her first name from a patent medicine testimonial.*

ATTENDANTS—*Waiters, buses, F.P.A. Cockroach Marquis, Hay Broun, Hal Wolcott, Johnny Weaver, and others.*

SCENE FIRST—AND LAST.

MARC: "*Prithee, fair one, I wouldst have thee come with me.*"

BILLY: "*Gadzooks! But my trusty sword will soon chase yon scrivener from thy side!*"

MARGALO: "*Aw, now, say, won't you boys behave—I have a date with Lowell Sherman.*"

MARC: "*Then, by great Allah, thou shalt go thither with me, and I shall lay the scurvy dog low ere he touches thy lily mitt.*"

BILLY: "*Quit yer kiddin', kid—you're going with ME—get that,—Me, and while I do not want to emit loud or cynical comments about present playwrighting company, I fear that Columbus 8200 must perforce soon be called if thou goest not with meest.*"

CHORUS OF ATTENDANTS, etc.: "*Atta Boys—now's the time for gore!*"

MARGALO: "*Say what's eatin' you two boobs, anyway? Do you think this is one of Dave Lamar's cabaret parties or a side street in Smyrna? Unhand me, villains—I shall not go thither with either, neither. I must fly in a rattler to the bedside of my poor, sick sis-s-s-ter. Begone, dull dogs, I would away.*"

(*With almost superhuman exertion Margalo tears her right arm from Billy and the one she has left from Marc, and springs towards the door, knocking down two hams just in from the Bert Levy circuit.*)

MARC AND BILLY (in unison) "*Doggone it, she's a good kid, but did anyone ever learn to pronounce her name right. . . . Let's go and have a ball!*"

DRAPERIES

THE LATEST SOCIETY FAD

Wonder if any of you know of a peculiar experience common to many prominent photographers in the big town? We heard a little gossip the other day emanating from one cavalier of the camera, not a thousand miles from Fifth avenue, whose trade is preeminently exclusive, that supplied a new thrill. A friend of ours happened to be calling one day at this studio, when a very smart and beautiful girl passed out. "Do you see that doll?" interrupted the photographer. "Well, I'll bet you never can guess what she came in for. She is one of the Avenue's debs, and is insanely vain of her nymph-like figure. Well, she came in to have a photo made in the nude, and it is her practice to present copies secretly for the regalement of her most intimate society friends, male and female. She is perfectly moral, and believes that there is no offense or reproach in exhibiting her Venus curves to those of her familiar circle. In fact it's getting to be a fad—for many others of equal social caste come here for the same purpose. Funny, eh? I suppose that nudity has gotten to be such a commonplace through the current stage and the many 'on the edge' pictorial magazines that these matters are looked at without a tremor of unchastity." Which sounds all very nice, but Mr. Sumner keeps office hours on 22d. street!

Has anyone heard the facts about Billy Holbrooke and the Hippo elephant? (That's twice we mentioned the elephants).

?

At last Harold Waldrige has an engagement. Won't it seem funny to see the funny Harold again?

?

Can ANYONE account for Alan Dinchart's sudden passion for Italian food?

Only A Few Copies Left—We Have 'Em!

M. B. LEAVITT'S FAMOUS BOOK

"50 Years In Theatrical Management"

800 PAGES—200 ILLUSTRATIONS

Tells when Gertrude Hoffman worked for \$3 per week.

Story of Adele Ritchie's Career.

Complete History of the Shubert Brothers.

How Leavitt brought out Yvette Guilbert.

When Al Hayman scoffed at the Shuberts.

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Pen Pictures of all the Great Personalities, Male and Female, of the American and English Stage from 1859 to 1910.

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NEW YORK CITY

Helpful Hints for Hopeless Hicks

- HOW TO CURE A HORSE OF DROOLING—*Teach Him to Spit.*
- HOW TO GET RID OF ROACHES—*Place the animal between two blocks of wood and swing with a hammer.*
- HOW TO KEEP FRIENDS OUT OF YOUR FLAT—*Serve them lemonade twice in succession.*
- HOW TO GET SQUARE WITH YOUR TAILOR FOR PUTTING A SPRING IN YOUR TROUSERS—*Drown him in the spring.*
- HOW TO GET A SQUARE MEAL AT OLD MOTHER CHILDS—*Eat a hearty dinner at home, then for \$2.50 dine at the Mumma's.*
- HOW TO GET A FRONT SEAT IN A THEATRE BOX-OFFICE—*Institute a repentin action on the theatre, then sell the tickets yourself.*
- HOW TO GET TO SLEEP PROMPTLY—*Have someone read you Amy Lowell's "poems."*
- HOW TO LOOSEN UP MONTY FLEISHMAN—*IT CAN'T BE DONE!*
- HOW TO AVOID HEAT PROSTRATION—*Live at the Adlon.*
- HOW TO FIND THE MANICURE GIRLS AND TYPISTS—*Look over the Palm Beach society picture sections in January.*
- HOW TO FIND BILLY GALLAGHER—*Get a fatigue uniform, six days provisions, and keep post by the cash register in his foundry—and THEN you can't find him. (Ditto for Hal Bestry, only his isn't a beanery).*
- HOW TO CULTIVATE A SOMNABULISM COMPLEX—*Put up at the Princeton or Hotel de France for a week.*
- HOW TO SUCCEED ON THE STAGE—*Don't mind what the producer says to you the first day you call.*
- HOW TO FIND FLO ZIEGFELD—*Make a noise like a blue shirt near Mme. Polly's.*
- HOW TO RAISE HOGS—*Insert a huge cantilever under Freeman's Restaurant.*
- HOW TO CURE A CAT OF MEOWING—*Teach it to sing like Lucille Chalfant.*
- HOW TO LIVE ON A DOLLAR A DAY—*Sit on it and borrow the necessary disbursements.*
- HOW TO CURE CROSS-EYES—*Stop going to Mark Cross's.*
- HOW TO PROVIDE FOR TWO AS CHEAPLY AS ONE—*Have a skilled surgeon remove your wife's digestive organs.*

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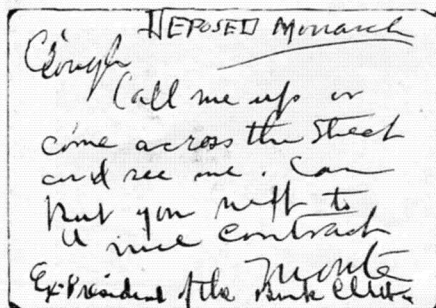
MAC APPLETON



FRANK SILVERS

Known more generally to fame as "Frank Silvers and His Musical Masters" now putting pep in the twinkling toes of the nightly throng at Murray's Roman Gardens. Sometimes Frank goes down with the boys to Blosson Heath Inn, but wherever he goes, he's great.

Monte Fleishman Unloads Some More Bunk!



At first glance the above looks like the confession of a dying bootlegger. But it isn't. It's copy of note left under one of our doors by 3-card-Monte Fleishman. Monte was President of the BUNK CLUB from 1918 to July 1922, when we let him out on his pitiful appeal that everyone on Broadway was calling him "Mr. Bunk." But the above card's going to put him back again in the presidency when the famous old Club meets at the dump-pile, 29th. street and East River on Nov. 15. Two other 20-minute eggs will be elected to minor offices at the meeting.

Would Peg Take a Roland for Her Oliver?

The strenuous "backing" by Peg Hopkins of that spent theatrical rocket, Oliver Morosco, is meeting disastrous eventualities. According to news from the coast, the Morosco Theatre, San Francisco, Oliver's last holding, has been taken out of his hands and renamed the Century. Oliver came to the Golden Gate, with Peg Hopkins in tow, last July, with brass bands playing and fireworks blinding the natives. He was going to put Frisco on the theatrical map. Now, it's all over and all Oliver has left is the gardener's daughter, Julia Paley and his "backer" Peg. Peg is said to be over \$100,000 in the hole thru her "financing bug." Here in New York the Morosco Theatre is that only in name, as it belongs to the Shuberts. Jay Barnes, genial pressman of the old Morosco days, no

longer sits in his swivel chair in that busy back-room, but is busier still in promoting his beautiful wife, Grace Valentine, who has proved herself a surefire vode star.

* * *

At last gets into the courts and the public prints Boris Thomashefsky's marital disruption, in wife Bessie's suit for separation and additional actions, one for a loan to Boris of \$24,000. We say at last, for it was fully five years ago that BREVITIES heard of serious discords in the domestic choir of the Thomashefskys. In fact, true or not, we were told that Boris's penchant for ladies outside the confines of his household had stirred up a lot of trouble. We first saw Boris on a wonderful evening at the National, on Second avenue, full five years ago, when he played "The Green Millionaire," probably his greatest hit. His abilities as an actor in Jewish roles are magnificent. Recollection serving aright, Boris underwent bankruptcy proceedings about two years ago.

Arthur Buckner's Pitiful Appeal to Old Friends.

Arthur Buckner, former cabaret producer of Broadway, sends us a pathetic appeal from the Tombs which he desires us to insert in BREVITIES so it may reach those who might be willing to help him. He needs \$300 in all for an appeal, of which he states he already has the sum of \$125.00. Such notables as Martin Beck, E. F. Albee, Arthur Klein, Jack Blue and others have already contributed in generous sympathy, and Buckner despairingly begs from those who knew him in the old days what assistance they can give — from \$1.00 up. Address, Arthur Buckner, Cell 133, Tombs Prison, 101 Centre street, City.

Kid Alois Along and Save \$23.00!

Ever correspond with that expert on "pep", old Alois Swoboda, 21 West 44? Ever get his series of follow-ups?

He asks you \$25.00 for his set of 12 letters on "Conscious Evolution"—that is, in the first letter. In the 12th. letter what do you suppose he is willing to part with his secret of "Wim, Wigor and Witality" for? TWO BUCKS! He tells you he'll be darned if he doesn't **force** it on you. But do you think he's **out** much even at that price? If you do, figure up the cost of twelve mimeographed epistles plus 24c. postage. . . . An opinion on his stuff is superfluous.

* * *

Lucy Lowell tells in public print about Flora Marian Spore, of the Village, a painter whose hand is directed by mumma's spirit. Flora disdains being termed a spiritualist—she just eases along by averring that "the spirits of our beloved are always near us." We haven't seen any of Flora's oils, but right here we'll take a bet that they are awful. But they could not be more awful than the paintings of any other humbug making such claims as hers.

We do not wish to be disagreeable, but we'll wager that a medical diagnosis of the spiritist freaks, the **vers libre** poets and the Cubists would disclose serious toxemic conditions, plus paranoia in 75 per cent of the cases.

The well-known Chiropractor, Dr. Theodore Kohler, famous for his psycho-analytic methods in the healing of disease, particularly in nervous disturbance, has moved his offices to 449 West 23d. street.

Dr. Kohler is the founder of The American School of Analytic Psychology. His telephone remains the same, Watkins 7692.

Announcement *Extraordinaire!*

AL BURT

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Appearing Nightly at

The BLUE BIRD

BROADWAY at 53rd STREET

The "Dance Orchestra Supreme"
acclaimed the Sensation
of the Season

MUSINGS OF A MANIKIN

What the Ice-Faced Birds in the Windows of "Heart Disease—
Walk Up and Save \$10" Clothes Foundries Think About.

PERCY—"Gol darn it, but that was some coat of wax I got yesterday when they dolled me up. My mug feels as Buster Keaton's looks. I can't even crack a smile, which always tries to light up when I get a lamp at this overcoat I'm wearing."

FREDDY—"Why the hell does that bow-legged dame stare up at me every day in front of the Times Building? Does she t'ink I've got measles or sumpin'? Or do I remind her of her lost lover or live lizard? Maybe she admires the snappy red tie the window-dresser wished on me. I'm going to soak that gink if he does it again.

ALGY—"Gee whiz! and also Holy Cats! but dis is sum life! Stannin' here all day, every day, like a damn fool for guys to stare at. One old loo-loo with a map like Count de Maupin in 'Trifling Women' poked right into Monty Fleishman the other day, he was glued on me so tight. God help and keep you, papa, if you've ever got to wear these trousers I've on—they've got my feet suffocated."

CLARA—"Suffering mackerel, if I don't soon choke with this College Cut wound round my hips, I'm a Guru! I told Jake he was all off on the size, but the dumb Dinah told me the boss wanted to push the slim-waisted stuff as a lot of Lambs Club members make this their beat. I wish to God Mary had all the little Lambs with her."

SWEET OINTMENT—"Well if ever I was shocked stiff in my life, dearie, it was yestiddy! Would you believe—would you believe it an instant—a bold, brazen huzzy of a man—I think he must have blown in on the Bankers' Convention—stood right out there by the Current History window and actually threw kisses at me—think of it, kisses. I've never been so rained on in my pure, pure experience. I'm going to tell Mr. Michaels, I am."

RED ORCHID—"D'ya git this Klassy Kimberly I'm hidin' in. Git the shoulders; don't miss the trouser springs. Come and hide your hootch in the cavity back of the neck. If ever I git outa this front porch alive I'm going to turn over a new autumn leaf and learn to do crocheting work. Me sweetie's kickin' like a thirsty chorus girl already about the buncha herrin' that's lampin me alla time. I feel worse than Eddie Cantor when the check sticks outa the waiter's mitt!"

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HELEN SHIPMAN

We recall the days, not far back, when Helen used to shine on the Century Roof and in other homes of hits. Now Helen's making a signal success in driving dull care away for the packed houses at the "The Lady in Ermine". Helen's natural vivacity is a big factor in her entertaining performance.



Prosecutor Goof, of Corncob Center, Qualifies as a Sherlock Holmes

Jottings from a Typical American Murder Case

CORNCOB, N. J.—Prosecutor Goof told reporters today he was just on the brink of solving the mystery. An arrest, he said, may be made before sundown.

A WEEK LATER—Newspapermen were informed this morning by Prosecutor Goof that within two hours he hoped to have the guilty parties in custody. All he needed were the fingerprints of an underwear salesman now visiting in the eastern section of Siberia, when the frightful crime would be brought to light in all its grisly details.

THREE WEEKS LATER—From statements made today at the Town Hall by Prosecutor Goof it seems that the wearing suspense is at last to be ended. His men have just found a torn hot-water bottle in the bushes near the scene of the murder, which proves beyond doubt that the victims were first killed by violent heat, then beaten savagely about the head with the h.w. bottle. Prosecutor denies vigorously that the bottle originated in the Adlon Apartments, N. Y. as he possesses first-hand info that there's no heat of any kind there.

FOUR WEEKS LATER—The 3,476 pressmen from all parts of New York and adjacent foreign countries were electrified today when Pros. Goof informed them that the murderers were at last behind bars. "Their names," he chortled, "are John Doe and Richard Roe, two notorious characters who have been the cause of more guesswork in the past ten years than Gladys Loftus. Twenty-five of our intrepid constabulary surrounded them at a Nedick Orange Drink stand on Main street tonight, and took them, full of juice, to the town lock-up. Thank God my heavy burden is at last lifted, because—" Pros. Goof's sentence was broken abruptly by the entrance of two breathless couriers. "Pros" they yelled, "what do you think. The prison doc has just found that Roe and Doe are suffering from chronic paralysis of both arms, and couldn't hold a sliver of popcorn let alone a gun. Besides both are severely cross-eyed, and would be sure to shoot each other if they aimed at anyone."

As the last words escaped the short-winded couriers Pros. Goof fell in a pitiful heap at their feet. His breath came in short skirts, yet he could be heard to mumble, "Holy mackarel, I've got to go to bat again—and I only got off one at five this morning." With queer, staring eyes the 3,476 pressmen slunk out, and made for the nearest place where the stuff was safe.

NINE WEEKS LATER—Pros. this morning renewed his hunt for the murderers. Shortly before noon he called in the 3,476 pressmen. The light of victory gleamed in his orbs, and out came 3,476 scratch pads and 3,476 pencils. "We are on the very brink of discovery," said he. "Although I have no real right to mix up in this affair personally, "he continued, "I

decided this morning to visit the scene of the crime. And what do you suppose was the first clue I got? Lying to the nether side of the old elm-tree, deep in the heather, was a small card. On this card was written, apparently in blood, this inscription: OUY ROOP HSIF. Once I elucidate this cryptic inscription, I shall have the felons in the caboose within an hour following." Up stepped Phil Payne. "May I see the card," asked Phil. . . . "Why, you old sap," laughed Phil, "that inscription reads backward, YOU POOR FISH. . . . Over topples Pros. Goof again, and the 3,476 pressmen file out silently for the 6,398th. time. . . . Pros. Goof calls up Frank Campbell. "Be here in an hour, Frank," quoth he, "I'm planning a little funeral for you at my own expense."

What was the interesting occasion on which Rodolf Valentino first met Dr. Anna Miller?

?

Bee Palmer, so-called queen of the shiver, has evidently done Spegilberg of Atlanta, Ga. to the sweet tune of \$1,250, so now it is rumored that Spegilberg has made as a reservation a local detention camp for the said shoulder-shaker.

?

Did you read that little Patricia Ziegfeld called on the Hippo elephants lately? Was this because pop Ziggy has proved a white elephant so often?

?

Jean Gibson has suddenly dashed to Chicago with seven trunks and her maid and given us to understand that the new venture isn't in vogue?

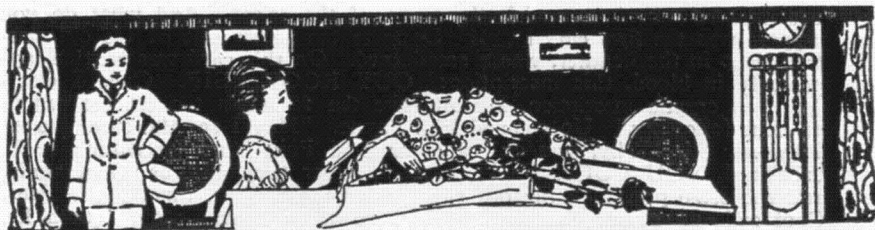
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Phone Jimmy, Spring 4-2-4-2 for a Table!



"Day By Day, In Every Way, I Am Getting Better and Better—Hootch"

Who is the "prominent agent" who convoys to a certain 48th. street restaurant every night a dark-haired charmer who effusively spiels her delirious desire to have a "garden"? Or maybe she said "guardian," which might be more to the point.

It would seem that Jack Wells' fancies run towards the Orient of late.

Why does Margaret Young have so much loudly to say the moment she enters a feed-bag emporium? Running wildly from table to table.

Is Eddie B—— going to marry the gel?

Where did Marie Centlivre go when she made that sensational exit from the McAlpin clad only in her nightie?

Amelia Bingham, 'tis said, is sure kickin' up the dust on the road, despite her sere and yellow. Is Marie also in the kindergarten brigade?

Who's pulling Kitty's leg, we feverishly chant? In other words who is the beardless boy who helps Kitty in the taxi on 53d. st. many afternoons by grasping her ankle as she hops in? Can he be one of the Ankle Inspectors?

Now, what exactly is the new creed that the saintly Janet B—— at present espouses? Janet's been through the whole gag of Spiritism, Christian Science, Higher Thought and Ectoplasm, including the intriguing manhandling of bone-setters. Janet must have a complex **osteo**.

Who's the dancer that was given the cold night air from the Zigzag Follies? Is this another "glorified" American girl?

How is Dick B—— walking these days? And who is she?

Lillian Walker (once known as "Dimples") now about to assault the speaking stage. Our condolences to old Speaking Stage!

Kate Price—an' how be ye Kathie, broth of a gurrul!—still doing her Irish characters so well.

J. Stuart Blackton, well loved "gentleman of the screen" and real father of the photoplay, a great figure in London with his multi-color productions, the latest featuring Lady Diana Manners.

"Bronco Billy" Anderson, who encountered an awful bloomer when he tried the treacherous terrain of the legitimate. Many will recall his bloomer at the 44th. Street Theatre about three years ago. Maybe Billy's habit of tinkering with his nose in public had a lot to do with his slump.



EDNA HIBBARD

Scintillating nightly in Nora Bayes' "Queen of Hearts" at the COHAN. Edna has a long record of stage successes, such as in "The Bad Man" and in "The French Doll", with Irene Bordoni. In "Queen of Hearts" Edna is next to lead, and we wouldn't be surprised if that "next to" was eliminated in the next production she adorns.

Grand old Vitagraph! Mother of most of the stars of today, who in Ritzyn aloofness would fain deny the valiant breast at which they were suckled. But the glory is still thine, even though thy truant children slight and forget thee!

So Zoe Burnett gets the revered sandpaper rubbed on her in Frances Nordstrom's suit for divorce against hubby Billy Pinkham. Pinkham's "Compound" evidently was too much for Frances, who alleges that Billy has lived in a Broadway apartment with Zoe for more'n a year. If true, we venture the opinion that this was a very unclubby act on the part of Billy, considering he was married to Frances, but as things go in Hollywood, and along Bunk Boulevard the act, we suppose, would only come under the heading of amnesia.

?

What ever happened to the funny Irish McCallion who is in "Lady, Lady" and "Tangerine" road company?

?

Carone, painter of the beautiful red hair, is coming back on Broadway through the efforts of a friend.

?

Just exactly what did Bert mean when he said to Mrs. D in the spaghetti foundry one night: "I'll get your hubby yet." And she made reply: "Somebody's got him already."

NEW PLACE FOR SHOW STARS!

"Gypsyland," successor to the famous institution on 81st street which was the most popular place in New York while it lasted, has opened at 133 West 45th street. There isn't any place like it in New York for comfort, homelike surroundings, entertainment, and good food at reasonable prices. It opened but a short time ago, yet it has already been "discovered" by New York's show folks, who flock there nightly.

It's a little place, yet so arranged that it's homelike, different from the usual cafe. It seems that everybody knows everybody else, and it's always "one big party."

The place was opened two weeks ago with a party given by Texas Guinan for a bevy of political and theatrical friends. Another party was given in honor of Belle Bennett and another for Doraldina. These parties were held in the main restaurant.

In addition, there are private rooms for dinner or supper parties up to 20 people.

D'ya s'pose there's any possibilities of Truly Shattuck taking up kindergarten work? Her attention seems to be absorbed so much lately with juveniles.

?

Has the Gingham Girl told anybody the insides about Helen Ford and Mr. Edwards?

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Joe Gibson and His Moulin Rouge Orchestra.

It was early last summer that Paul Salvin, the famous restaurateur, Jimmy Thompson and Gil Boag, the big three in New York's night life, decided to completely remodel the Moulin Rouge and put a show in there decidedly different from any cabaret entertainment ever attempted anywhere in this country. When these plans were laid, the question came up as to what orchestra they could get that would harmonize with the unique surroundings. And out of the hundreds of orchestras of the United States that came up for consideration Joe Gibson was selected.

You will recall Joe as the leader of the orchestra at Rector's for three successful years. He has now returned with one of the best organized bands on Broadway and he calls it his Moulin Rouge Orchestra which is presented by Paul Whiteman Inc. Such a hit is he that a number of big phonograph companies are trying to put him under contract and his melodious tunes may soon be heard in the home.

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Breaded Veal Cutlet, Su cotash 50c

Ham Omelette with Potatoes . . 40c

Calves Liver & Bacon 55c

Stewed Tripe in Cream with Onion 40c

Did Frank Campbell Make \$12,000 Profit On a \$13,372.25 Funeral?

We have contended for years that Mr. Frank E. Campbell was taking notoriously unjust profits at his vaunted "Funeral Church." To read his advertising (once fabricated by Doc Baer) you'd think that the one place of saintly sympathy and cloister-like innocence was this same "Funeral Church." To every breaking heart was blazoned the ingratiating declaration that bereavement and sorrow would find surcease, joy and holy calm in a funeral from Campbell's. "Prices as moderate as elsewhere" was the slogan. Death itself might be cheated of its malignity at 66 and Broadway.

But what is this that Mr. Rose (funeral expert) relates?

Let us take as an instance ONE of Frank E. Campbell's celebrations. It is the funeral of Raphael Arocena, a gentleman of equatorial extraction, who gracefully exited from his Volstead environment, at Plaza about two years ago. He was buried from the "Funeral Church," old Doc Baer, as Campbell's spokesman and manager, toting up the "Arrangement." And it was SOME "Arrangement!" We'll bet if you exhumed the body you'd find Raphael turned over in his coffin. The bill has been already quoted by Mr. Rose, but we want to set it out in bright relief as a commentary on the past and present brazen duplicity of Frank E. Campbell. Note that Campbell's charges in each instance are followed by a statement of ACTUAL COST supplied by expert Rose:

FUNERAL OF RAPHAEL AROCENA (Buried from Campbell's)

<i>Casket</i>	\$6,500.00	<i>Actual cost about</i> \$450.
<i>Outside Case</i>	1,500.00	<i>Actual cost about</i> \$90.
<i>Embalming</i>	500.00	<i>Actual cost about</i> \$25.
<i>Shaving & Clothing Body</i>	75.00	<i>Should be in Embalming charge.</i>
<i>Receiving Tomb</i>	45.00	<i>Cost, less 20 per cent.</i>
<i>Hearse</i>	17.00	<i>Cost, less 20 per cent.</i>
<i>Pall Bearers</i>	60.00	<i>Fake—there was no Funeral Service.</i>
<i>Funeral Director</i>	150.00	<i>Apparently smiling at deceased.</i>
<i>Attendance, Securing Certificate, Etc.</i>	350.00	<i>ASK BAER!</i>
<i>Flowers</i>	850.00	<i>Liberal allowance for cost</i> \$250.
<i>Etceteras</i>	269.25	

\$10,372.25

An additional bill for \$3,000 was rendered and paid, the ACTUAL COST of services alleged not exceeding, in Mr. Rose's opinion, more than \$300!!!! In order to get poor Raphael properly planted, therefore, required a total disbursement to Frank Campbell of over \$13,000. . . . How'd you like to be the iceman?

In a nutshell, this Campbell funeral shows an apparent GROSS PROFIT of \$12,000!

All In the Day's Work In New York



THE SLANDERED HAREM AS PURE AS IVORY SOAP.

It will certainly lift a burden of alarm, lying heavy these many years on the cerebrums of sundry Sewing Societies, Chataqua Reunions and Gospel Grace Sodalities to learn, by a wire to the **Sun**, that of all the maligned institutions in the universe the Turkish harem stands top. Even when we were at school, slowly prosing those immortal lines, "This is a Cat, I Can See its Tail" we had heard all about its wolfish licentiousness. After a while, when we got to twenty, we heard so much about Turkish harems that we prayed each night we might, by some happy miracle, be deported to Constantinople for life. With each passing year our ardor grew—and now, when we're nearly seventy and in a position to look thoroughly into the Turkish matter without any possible entanglement or suspicion from outsiders comes this durn despatch that the Turkish harem is as innocent as a Doc Crane nightie. "The word harem means a wife" goes on this confounded Turkogram, "and also the apartment of a wife." We might say that the word hotel used to cover the old Bartholdi Inn. With tears down our cheeks a-roll we peruse farther and hear that "The apartment or chamber is not a scene of voluptuousness, even among pashas. A pasha is admitted to his wife's harem only by her consent. (We know a Broadway producer who's admitted only that way!) "The manners of Turkish women are scarcely different from those of western women." Dod gast the luck! One illusion after another goes. Even trying to clean up Turkey. They'll soon start in to tell us that flat parties on Riverside Drive are conspicuous by hymn-singing, literary converse and discussions on the relative merits of the Apostles.

Rumor relates that Alma Rubens is called the "Baby" of the Passing Show. Considerable baby, utter we!

?

Look here, fellows, what's all this about Billy Seabury and one of the Fairbanks Twins? Heard a party say in Lindy's one night he wouldn't be surprised if wedding bells rang out.

?

Everyone is on tip-toe wondering when Sidney Claire's song "Bouncing Baby" will be published. Does this refer to Gene—but, excuse us, someone sent in the query and we want to be out of it.

WILLIAM McDONALD

WM. N. KERR

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Did Frank Campbell Hoke Poor Jane Cowl On the Cremation of Her Dog?

The Touching Tale of "Belladonna" Who Went
To Dog-Land 2 Years Ago

By ARTHUR BRIGHAM ROSE

Article V

THIS MORNING OUR MULE IS DRESSED IN HER FINEST HARNESS.

NOTHING is so immediately inimical to our powers of understanding as colossal outlandishness. These notions again take hold of one as one sits before the revival of the dismal, opaque and unbelievable activities erstwhile and currently perceived.

Remember how "Hungry Joe" the dip, conceived of the annoying **ruse** in the case of the late Dr. Dix of Trinity chapel, to telephone first, all the junk dealers, then the undertakers, etc., successively directing them to the home of Dr. Dix, and then agreeing with the Reverend Doctor for a specific sum to cease the annoyance.

The iniquity aforesaid and such other drinkings from finger bowls although distant from commendation, nevertheless had a note of romanticism. Those yegg-men plied their trade among those assuredly not indigent, destitute and aggrieved.

But—Yesterday! TO-DAY! Hokes, stratagems, Artifice and austere effrontery are employed. Also on Broadway, specifically at the burial foundry at 1970, with the apparent direct, deliberate and definite aim to grab all that the tariff will Baer.

And that its success in this aesthetic direction has been of ample avoirdupois the statistics of the "Funeral Church" duly attest.

But the wonder of it all is that there exist persons of a virtuosity sufficiently stunning to perpetrate such deeds as for example that \$13,000 funeral arrangement alluded to in our last installment, (which this scribe understands is spotlighted again in this issue). Also the thousand and more flagrant extirpations invoked by Campbell and Baer.

It doubtless requires a distinctive species of genius, a lunar-sent flair for the **reductio at absurdum** like the talent for making merry when one's mother dies, or rejoicing over a fratricidal occurrence!

Returning to our pork chops, these heavenly twins being emissaries of a conscienceless and unscrupulous combine, knowing fully that in transactions with bereaved there is inequality and disproportion have evidently sunk the bill-clerk stuff to the limit.

We are all more or less familiar with the general charges comprising a Funeral Bill. But there aren't two undertakers in these United States who would hazard a guess at the multifold captions in a Campbell invoice or a Baer "arrangement."

Consider for example the charge for a "FACE VEIL"—This item consists of a piece of CHIFFON which is thrown over the opening of an occupied container.

The family of the bereaved in no instance request any such thing—it is invariably thrust upon them.

The bill for this Campbell and Baer gossamer fantasy to the bereaved is anywhere between ten and twenty-five dollars—depending upon the appearance of the bereaved.

The actual cost, considerably less than \$2.

In numerous cases, the darn things have been removed before the final closing of the Montross, and conserved for use on another occasion.

Assuming the contrary, this ingenious item nets Campbell an income equal to the gross sales of the average undertaker in New York City.

"Blessed Candles"—Boys, this is a whale!

About five years ago, a Catholic priest was induced to "bless" a room full of ordinary every day candles. He received for this service the sum of 5 iron washers. Since that event, carloads of new candles have supplanted the rapidly depleted lighting utensils and the toll exacted for this buncombe surpasses the combined charges of the Edison and Westinghouse electric companies charge for 1,000,000 times the candle power consumed in these "Blessed Candles."

Now for the explanation. Cankerworm Baer would tell the bereaved that the "face veils" were "medicated."—We aver that this was an unequivocal falsehood. If anything, these veils were filled with oozing bacteria from the number of times many such "veils" were used upon the visnomy of deceased.

He represented that the cost of "Blessing" the individual candles in each case was the reason for the outlandish charges.

This was also false.

There is no accounting for what a man might do to acquire the currency of the realm.

But the opprobrium of using Fake Priests and Ministers selected from the embalming staff to masquerade on the occasion of a funeral is the darkest blot in all this inky tale of mine.

The most amusing phase of it all is, that this hinterland buffon Berthold, a tyro in the undertaking business, was able to keep this side of Paradise after a career such as he has had.

However, it appears there is no way to squelch a Hun, for currently we observed that he is yet ensconced as scribe for the "casket".

In this connection, we read in the September number of the aforesaid "Casket" the following formidable pronouncement by Berthold himself!

Is it ethical for a self-respecting funeral director, or for any other one at that, to embalm and lay out cats and dogs? Is it ethical for a funeral director whose aim is to relieve relatives and friends from worries and the care of the burial of the demised, whose aim is to bring comfort to the bereaved, cheer and hope to a sorrowful heart, is it ethical, I ask, for a funeral director whose stock of trade is the understanding of the needs in the hour of greatest grief, is it ethical for such a man to embalm, bury or cremate cats or dogs?

I say emphatically: NO!

True, I know of some dogs which were SUPPOSED to be cremated; I also know of a dog which was placed in a casket for a supposed cremation. I say "supposed," for they were not cremated, though the mere acceptance of the commission is unethical.

Funeral directors should refuse to "embalm a dog or cat and lay the same upon satin upholstery," as the article in question related. The few dollars earned for such service are in no comparison with the reputation lost and ill-repute incurred by such doings. This may not be true in the small community where the incident occurred; but the doings of an undertaker in the smallest hamlet will be blamed upon the entire profession when properly exploited by the enemies of the undertaker. And I am told there are such.

When I condemn the entire proceedings, what do YOU say?

This idiotic conglomeration of babble senselessness and unreadable rot is like the cinto blast from Maroni's trumpet! We wonder what the condition of Berthold's liver was on the occasion he committed this to the printed page? We wonder if he had imbibed an actual sampling of that "Rabbinical Wine" he peddled at the 5th Avenue Memorial establishment?

For does this revelation by Berthold not disclose some more of his personal perfidy? 'Tis the tale of the three hounds! The title proper in connection with two of the three being obscure, let us confine ourselves to the case the dog "Belladonna."

Ladies and Gentlemen, meet Miss Jane Cowl's earstwhile canine "Belladonna".

To those who do not grasp or appreciate the matter of the attachment one can acquire for a dog, reflect on some of the activities reviewed in this narrative.

"Belladonna" was a greyhound. A beautiful specimen of man's best friend Miss Cowl, currently the star of "Malvaloca" was greatly attached to her pet. One summers day the while she was witness at a tennis tournament, "Belladonna" taking the hurdles at Miss Cowl's estate, decided suddenly to depart earth and life. Dame Rumor has it that the dog had read Berthold's "Buried with Her Canary" and in the induced cerebral and bread-basket mood thereupon decided it was no use to longer live a dog's life!

After thrombosis from compression had ensued, owing to ligation of the arterial region of "Belladonna," the secretary to Miss Cowl decided to have the cadaver removed to Campbells. We are certain that the "double" or astral body of "Belle" remained near the hurdle.

'Tanyrate, Berthold then conceived of the following *modus operandi*:

Berthold, in his exacerbation above, indirectly admits there was NO CREMATION of Jane Cowl's "Belladonna," although she is reported to have paid considerably over \$100.00 for same, including items of an urn for the ashes, etc.

For once Berthold is poking at something you can bet your last boots on—A perfectly dead greyhound, the "Belladonna" of Miss Jane Cowl, instead of being put, as contracted, through the fiery process of cremation, was instead removed to one of the dumps by the East River. An unsuspecting ornament of our stage was apparently hoodwinked to a fareyouwell at a fat charge!

And the base deceiver, who rails at such practises, writes, with his tongue in his cheek, a "righteous condemnation of the act—when he himself is judged to have carried the entire transaction through. (And there were more dog cremations than one!).

But what went into the "urn", mates? Ah, there's the question. The "urn" is now, per Miss Cowl's personal statement, buried deep in a plot on her Long Island estate. Maybe some Checko-Slovak's ashes rest therein. But we will wager a bottle of gin against the Pennsylvania Railroad that in that necropsic bit of earthenware repose NOT the ashes of poor "Belladonna."

(In the December issue Mr. Rose purposes to abandon the chronological continuity of his story and disclose why Dr. Butler of the "Sunnyside" permits Old Doc Baer the freedom of his pages, also the connection of Butler with past and present activities of Baer especially as concern the Glass Casket industry.)

HEIGHTS OF IDIOCY.

Cub solicitor, seeing "Trifling Women" announced at the Astor, the other day, went in to try to get an advt. from Barbara Le Marr.

Our new office boy, sent out with a backload of monthly statements, saw a sign near the 38th. street Post Office, reading "Post No Bills" and returned with the mail to our offices.

A blind man, on 39th. street, with two wooden legs, one ear off and cancer of the stomach asked Monty Fleishman for a dime.

Lady at Commercial Trust, when requested by paying teller to endorse a check, wrote on same: "I heartily endorse this check."

Bimbo, dragging his girl out for a squeal, with \$4.50 in his Monroes, decided to take her to Joe Pani's.

Newspaper man is buttonholed by someone: "Isn't it funny about Don Marquis writing 'The Old Soak' and I am told he never drinks a drop."

Guy with a septic endocarditis begins to take "treatments" from a Christian Science healer.

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Whiskers a Mile Long, but Still Funny

Yen Jensen was asked to tell, in his own way, how the accident had happened which caused the death of his chum, Ole Olesen: "Well, Ole and Ay was valking down the railroad-track, an' Ay hear vhistle. Ay got off track and train vent by. When Ay got back on track Ay didn't see Ole. So Ay keep on valking along, and pretty soon Ay see Ole's hat. An' Ay valk on and see Ole's leg, and then, Ay see Ole's Arms, and then another leg, and then over on one side Ay see Ole's head, and Ay say: 'My God, something muster have happened to Ole!'"

A Banquet Wheeze.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard of it—that's right
But, what you haven't heard is this—
You're eating it tonight!

IN FLICKERLAND.

While we have a strong suspicion that a severe attack of nostalgia will follow this item, among our 40,000 readers, we wish to quack that Cullen Landis, who helps to inflate the Goldwyn Press Sheet, was once a truck driver. The choir will now sing: "Please Page the Other Truckmen on the Glittering Jelly Rolls."

* * *

And, while conscious that yawns of boredom will mark this further revelation, we insist on relating that Patsy Ruth Miller's *bete noire* is that her name will be misspelled "Pasty" by the heartless compos.

* * *

Howls of "Are You a Loving Guru" will doubtless succeed our further communicate that Elly Glyn has fin-

ished the atmospheric scenes for her new picture "Six Days" whatever all this may import.

* * *

Not that it could make any particular difference, but we saw Kathryn Perry at a picture opening the other night, and Kate does not only ooze the Ritz but has parted with a lot of the good looks that caused us for years to acclaim her the one beauty in the "Frolic" chorus.

Notes of an Old Sport.

Wild women and wild liquor are like the two halves of a Seidlitz powder—totally unsatisfactory apart.

The guy who pulls all the funny stuff at, and is the irresistible comic and life of, the flat party, is generally the only one to use taxi service home at 5 a.m.

There's many a slip 'twixt the "Mug" and the Mascara.

A battered inscription on one of the murals in Pompeii boasts of a marvelous "lay" used by the young Tuscans in promising season passes to the Roman baths.

"It seems to me" that the shambling Hey Broun paid a big compliment by innuendo to the Equity players on the opening night of Malvaloca. Hey actually went out and bought a shave and hair-cut.

?

Is it true that some of the World staff are having a lot of guffaws daily in changing one of the initials in "F.P.A.?"

Do you know Jean (better known to glory as Gin) Peters, illustrious pianist at many Shubert rehearsals, and that momentous impresario John Murray Anderson are reported to be bitter enemies of the Volstead Amendment, and mutually engage in salutary cold water therapeutics?

?

And is Murray called Gin's "Daddy Dumplins?"

?

Didst hear about Fanny Brice's \$50,000 bauble going astray at the **Cafe de Paris**, Paree, in the early morning hours of 5 bells, and just what did Fanny do between 3 and 3:15 a.m.?

?

Can the rumor be credited that Norma Talmadge bought 50 scrumptious turbans at the Lanvin Shop in Paris, wherein officiates as head saleslady, Viola Kraus, the mystery girl in the Elwell case? Interesting that Viola takes great offence at being addressed by her right name, and indignantly insists on being called Mrs. Cross.

?

Isn't it enough to make you laugh for a week to read Mumma Verna's continued placid statements that Geneva is "only seventeen?" If Geneva's 17, John D. is still on the bottle. When we trailed into Mumma Verna at the Little Club four or five years ago, Geneva was then "17" according to the statement of that social satellite.

?

Now, all together—Where's Annette Bade?

?

What was the real insides of the withdrawal of Eleanor Painter from "The Lady In Ermine" in which the role was taken by Wilda Bennett? Eleanor by the way (as first revealed in BREVITIES) is wife to the baritone, Louis Gravure, posing as a Belgian "for revenue purposes," but whose real name-plate is John F. Douthitt, a blarsted Hinglishman.

Is't correct that Steve Elkins, brother of the famed U. S. Senator, presented and formidably assigned to petite Faye Evelyn (one of the organisms of the old Floradora Sextette) an incredibly long string of pearls, plus an equally incredible sable?

?

Bet you'll fall off your perch when we chortle that Dorothy Dickson, of London, (recommended for next Secretary of the Air-Tight Club) has recently changed her tresses to yellow and bob?

?

Who is the prominent tobacco magnate who often whiles away the hours with a cute little blonde trick at a roadhouse by the Hudson?

"THE SPRING CHICKEN"

Howls of merriment must have ensued the other day on reading that "Muriel Spring" has just come back from Paris, and that her legs (per photo) were "insured for \$100,000..." The mad laughter, of course, occurred among the very few who know Muriel's History. Personally we believe legs may have an often fictitious value far above \$100,000. Paderewski is said to have his fingers insured for a million dollars and we heard that Dot Dickson had her underpinnings hypothecated for a big amount. There is logic in these two cases. But what Muriel Spring, formerly an obscure dress model in a lower Broadway wholesale house, could present as a reason for leg-insurance we'd be curious to find out. After the modelling business got boresome Muriel made one consecutive appearance in pictures—we think it was in the **Famous** feature that put the jinx on Edna Wheaton—in which opus Muriel is reported to have occupied tenth line rear in a mob scene. After that Muriel essayed the Frolic chorus, wherein she must have proved a dismal frost, for she got out almost as soon as she got in. The funny part of it

Wasn't that funny to see Sal Fields knocked for a row of oil paintings? Why it would ever enter Sal's head to go near a painter's studio let alone a photograph gallery, we can't explain, and then to order an "oil" and try to sidestep the bill—good gracious, Annabelle! Sal is, you must admit, a star cabaret performer, but someone ought to lead her gently to one side and set her right on the looks stuff.

all is, that during her modelling period she was living at the Hotel de France where phone inquiries for "Mrs. Levy" were always promptly answered by Muriel. Yet, so far as we know, Muriel has never once mentioned her husband, Mr. Levy, nor has she ever testified to being a married woman. Which gets back to the annoying query—Why are Muriel's legs insured for \$100,000? We are ready to present a steam-heated nutmeg grater to the first person solving this riddle.

* * *

Three cheers for Father Bill Daly, eighty-six and known to turf fans by the sobriquet given! Father Bill is said to have declared the other day (defending his wife's charge of incompetence)—"Tush, I've had enough of women, but I can get any blonde in ten minutes." That's a sweeping statement for Pop Bill, goat glands or no goat glands, but realising the immemorial weakness of blondes for the long green there may be some punch to his remarks.

* * *

We have been favored by Dr. Chas. C. Froude (Shean, Publisher, Box 731, Kingston, N.Y.) with a copy of his book entitled "Right Food The Right Remedy." A volume of over 300 pages, sold at \$1.50 per copy. It is an exposition of the "philosophy of eating"—a work not of "don'ts" but of suggestions on dietetics founded on years of practical experience. Its purpose is to prove that, by use of the right foods, at the right times and in the right varieties, health may be largely assured. It tells the exact nutritive constituents of the various products on which mankind subsists. A most excellent work—an exemplar of the new drugless campaign for rational living.

* * *

Information has reached us, from some of the complainants concerned, that the heavy hand of the Post Office Dept. is soon to fall on a certain "pay as you enter" Music Publishing concern on Broadway. We copy from *Variety* a despatch which makes a striking commentary in this connection. We understand that the

well-known monthly, The Specialty Salesman, has been instrumental in bringing the phony music foundries under the axe

FRAUD ORDER AGAINST PUBLISHER.

Chicago, Oct. 4—A firm of "song publishers" is alleged to have been getting away with fleecing amateur authors and lyric writers for \$75 a song. Business with the impostors was clipping along to the tune of \$20,000 annually, until the Govt. came along and set the words to the hit song by charging W. L. Needham and his nephew E. C. Needham, with using the mails to defraud The Needham firm was known as Song Writers' Exchange, with the only exchange the authors and suckers received being a receipt for their money. The firm operated at 1714 North Wells street.

Now, why hasn't Eddie K . . . been seen with Anna W . . . lately? He raves so much about her there must be a reason.

* * *

True that L . . . B . . . has lost out seeing that Harry Wallach has been seen with her lately?

* * *

Who is it's so crazy over Sydney L?

* * *

Our prize of 1000 Russian rubles to any one who could jump a cover charge at Joe Pani's Woodmansten Inn stood for years, but now we want to inflate it to 75,000 kronen. In view of a tale brought us of Four Horsemen of the Applejack, celebrated night-riders foregathering a few evenings ago at Joe's Westchester foundry. The four horsemen aforesaid duly attest that for one bottle of ginger ale and a bottle of White Rock a "Bar" check of \$5.00 was glued. But paid under protest. Regular covercharge of course, paid additional.

* * *

BIGGEST UKELELE FACTORY IN WORLD BURNED IN HAWAII—*News Item.* In a world of acid suffering, comes now and again such news as this to cheer the drooping spirit.

* * *

Who is the Russian producer who stalled composer G . . . L . . . on the order for new music for his show? Ordered it and then wouldn't take it.



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